



HANGING



84 5 12

Chapter 1 by Chloe

This story will be a series where each chapter is a new story and ends with a cliff hanger, but you cannot return to one story line after you finish. Have fun!

I wake up to the sound of scratching at the door. I think 'Bugs', my cat. I figure she wants in. I stand up and stumble towards the door. I grasp the knob and pull slightly. Bugs isn't there. I walk into the living room and she is asleep on the couch. 'I was dreaming'. I walk back through the hallway, back to my room. The lights are on. 'I must have turned it on when I left. 'm so tired'. I turn the lights off and get under my covers. I lay on my side and gently fall to sleep.

SCRRRATTCH!

I sit up. 'You are just dreaming. It's okay. You are just paranoid because of that movie tonight. It is okay. go back to sleep'.

SCRRRATTCH!

Like nails on a chalk board. I stand up and open my door.

Nothing but darkness.

Eyes flutter back to sleep.

SCRRRATTCH!

I am so awake now. I am up with the knife I keep in my night stand.

I walk towards my door. Open. No

I open my closet. Nothing

SCRRRATTCH!

I look around my room. And then I realize. The scratching is not on my door. It's from the mirror.

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Just as I turned the corner of my room (which was also empty) I saw the shadow once again. I became larger and larger as if it were searching for something. But the house had nothing in it.

Except me.....

Chapter 4 by Popwire



Faces in the Floor

I woke up. I reached out for my glasses on my nightstand. I put them on. I look down at the floor, grabbing for my slippers that I usually keep under my bed, when I see a face. I might have seen my reflection. But why would I see my reflection on the floor? Maybe because the floor is really clean? I must be crazy... I grab for my slippers, but I still see faces on the floor. I walk to the door. More faces have appeared. While I walk, it seems like they're watching me. Every time I look back, their heads had turned a little and their eyes are on me. I get ready for work, trying to ignore the faces. There are more and more faces. It's getting really creepy. I start to walk out the door, thinking about the faces, when a face shoots out of the floor. A body appears on the face. His arm shoots out and grabs me. Next thing I know, I'm watching the man from inside the floor. I guess I'll just have to stay here forever...

Chapter 5 by Serena



It was a slow day at work. The jewelry section where I worked was dead. "Janice, I'm going to lunch. You cool with that?" My co-worker Ben was already on his way toward the lounge, but it didn't matter. No one was here, anyway. "Yeah sure. Go ahead." Ben nodded, and left. I watched his back. He walked so awkwardly. With his back hunched over and a slight limp. He turned back with a smile and waved at me. I shuddered. Gross. I went back to reading the newest copy of People magazine when I heard footsteps walking up to my counter. Ugh. If only Ben would have stayed a little longer.

I plastered on my usual fake smile and put on my high pitched innocent voice. "Hello, what can I do for you?" I looked up from my magazine. "Oh my god.." I said unintentionally under my breath. I couldn't believe who was standing in front of me.

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